THE

Gentleman's Journal:

OR THE

MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

By Way of

LETTER

TO A

Gentleman in the COUNTRY.

Consisting of

News, History, Philosophy, Poetry, Musick, Translations, &c.

DECEMBER 1692.

Carmina secessum scribentis & otia quærunt. Ovid.

Non ego meorum præmium libellorum
(Quid enim merentur?) Apulos velim campos.
Quid concupiscam, quæris ergo? dormire. Martial.

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Where are to be had Compleat Sets for the whole Year.

THE CONTENTS.

INtroduction. Pag. 1
An Ode upon the New Year. By Mr. Tate 2
A Diſcourſe concerning New-Years Gifts 3
A Latin Ode 5
A Meditation on Death. By a Perſon of Quality 6
The Picture: Or, Jealouſy without a Cauſe. A Novel---7
A Letter in Verſe, from a Gentleman in the Country to his Friend in Town 12
The Management. By Mr. H. 13
Verſes by a Lover in a Rapture 14
Verſes written in a young Lady's Almanack. By Mr. O. ib.
Eight Latin Verſes ib.
Of Mr. Rhymer's New Book. 15
An Account of two Tragedies of Sophocles. Tranſlated by Mr. D'acier ib.
Dr. Dupin accus'd by the Biſhop of Meaux at Paris--16
News of Learning ib.
An Account of a Young Hermaphrodite 19
Solution of the laſt Months firſt Enigma. By DoveW. 20
Of the ſecond and third. By N. C. ib.
An Enigma. By R. C. ib.
Another by Oſiris 21
A Tranſlation of a French Sonnet. By the ſame 22
A French Sonnet. By the Biſhop of Graſſe and Vence ib.
The 35th Ode of Horace. Imitated by Mr. R. T.--24
Part of a Letter on the ſaid Ode 25
Remarks on the ſaid Letter 26
A Song ſet by Mr. Purcel, the Words by a Perſon of Honour 27
A Song ſet by Dr. Blow, the Words by Mr. Tate 32
A Song ſet by Mr. Frank, the Words by Philogynes 34

6. 44. 4.
167.

THE GENTLEMAN's JOURNAL: OR THE *MONTHLY MISCELLANY.*

DECEMBER 1692.

SIR,

YOU cannot forbear taxing me with ſlowneſs, tho' it is not in my power to be more diligent; the continual load of a monthly Collection, and the daily clog of much leſs pleaſing Concerns not only keeping me ſtill behind-hand, but making me bend and almoſt ſink under the preſſing weight. For tho' ſo many ſtronger hands have generouſly propt me up, yet the Burthen has ſtill been too heavy for any ſingle Capacity, and I find to my ſorrow that *Ovid* and *Horace* were much in the right, when they ſaid, That without Retirement and Eaſe, little is to be expected from a Muſe; for what tolerable thing can an everlaſting hurry produce? No wonder then if things written in haſte, like mine, are apt enough to be forgotten as ſoon; I have indeed often heard that much is to be blotted out of a Book before it be made a good one, and the greateſt among the Ancients knew this ſo well, that *Virgil* and many others, us'd to ſpend whole years in reviewing and correcting a Book, and after all trembled when they exposd it to the Publick. Thus, as ſome ſaid of *Zeuxis*, they wrote to the lateſt Poſterity, while thoſe that ſcribble with ſo much haſte, generally outlive the Children of their mind, and ſeem ſo greedy of the praiſes of their Age, and ſo careleſs of thoſe of the next, that did we not know many of them to be Chriſtians, we might think that they do not believe the Immortality of the Soul. Many of the Pieces that I ſend you are pledges of a nobler Principle in their Authors, and ſuch is the following by Mr. *Tate*; It was ſet to Muſic by Dr. *Blow*, and perform'd before Their Majeſties on the firſt of this Year 1693. It may look ſomewhat odly to give you the News of *January* in a Letter of the Month of *December* before it; but you may be pleas'd to remember, that as thoſe who ſail round the Globe miſs a day when they find themſelves again at their own Meridian, ſo I have fairly loſt a Month in my Progreſs round the Year.

An ODE upon the NEW-YEAR.

THE Happy, happy Year is Born,
That Wonders shall disclose;
That Conquest with fix'd Lawrels shall adorn,
And give our Lab'ring HERCULES Repose.
Ye Graces that resort
To Virtue's Temple blest MARIA's Court,
With Incense and with Songs as Sweet
The Long expected Season meet,
The Long expected Season gently Greet.

MARIA (thus devoutly say)
MARIA — Oh appear! appear!
Thy Softest Charms Display,
Smile and Bless the Infant Year;
Smile on its Birth in Kindness to our Isle,
For if this Genial Day
You Cheerfully Survey,
Succeeding Years in just Return, on You and Us shall Smile.

Thus, let Departing WINTER Sing,
Approach, Advance, Thou promis'd SPRING;
And if for Action not design'd,
Together soon Together bring
Confederate Troops in Europe's Cause combin'd.
A Busier Prospect SUMMER yields,
Floating Navies, harrass'd Fields.
From far the Gallick Genius Spying
(Of Unjust War the Just Disgrace)
Their Broken Squadrons Flying,
And Britain's Cæsar Lightning in the Chase.

But AUTUMN does Impatient grow
To Crown the Victor's Brow;
To Wait Him Home Triumphant from Alarms
To Albion and MARIA's Arms.
Then, to conclude the Glorious Scene,
To Europe's Joy let Me Return,
When Britain's Senate shall Convene,
To Thank their Monarch, and no more, no more his Absence mourn.
Their kind Supplies our fainting Hopes restor'd,
Their Inspir'd Counsels shall sure means afford,
To fix the Gen'ral Peace won by our Monarch's Sword.

CHORUS

CHORUS.

WHile Tyrants their Neighbours and Subjects Oppreſs,
All Nations the Pious Reſtorer Careſs.
Securely our *Hero* prepares for the Field,
His Valour his Sword, his Virtue his Shield:
He Arms in Compaſſion for *Europe's* Releaſe.
He Conquers to Save, and he Warr's to give Peace.

After this Poetical New-years Gift, it may not be amiſs to give you a ſhort Diſcourſe on the ancient Cuſtom of making Preſents at that time.

OF NEW-YEARS GIFTS.

THe laudable Cuſtom of diſtributing Gifts at the beginning of the Year ſeems grounded as well on Reaſon as on the Examples of the Ancients, and moſt Nations at this time. The *Jews*, in the month of *Niſan*, the firſt of their year, which anſwers our month of *March*, had their moſt ſolemn Feaſts, and amongſt the reſt that of the *Paſſover*, on which they invited their Neighbours to the eating of the Lamb. The *Greeks* began their Olympiads by Games and Sacrifices to *Jupiter*, and the *Egyptians* (the moſt ſuperſtitious of all men) did not only draw an Omen from the firſt thing they met, but alſo made it their God for that day: And as, next to the divine aſſiſtance, men never did value any thing more than the favour and good will of their Friends, it is nothing ſtrange, that, after thoſe Sacrifices and public Ceremonies, they ſhould take ſo much care to preſerve that mutual friendſhip, by Feaſtings, and Preſents, which they made at the beginning of the year, and which ſome have extended to the beginnings of months, that are lunar years, as the *Turks* do to this day, rejoycing at every New Moon, whoſe Creſcent they then diſplay. The *Romans* were great obſervers of the Cuſtom of New-years gifts, even when their year conſiſted only of ten months, of 36 days each, and began in *March*: alſo when *January* and *February* were added by *Numa* to the ten others, the Calends, or firſt of *January* were the time on which they made Preſents. And even *Romulus* and *Tatius* made an order that every year Vervine ſhould be offered to them with other Gifts, as tokens of good fortune for the new year. *Tacitus* makes mention of an Order of *Tiberius*, forbidding the giving or demanding of New-years Gifts, unleſs it were on the Calends of *January*; at which time, as well the Senators, as the Knights and other great men, brought Gifts to the Emperor, and in his abſence to the Capitol. The ancient *Druids* with great Ceremonies us'd to ſcrape off from the

outſide

outside of Oaks the Misleden, which they consecrated to their great *Tutates*, and then distributed it to the people thro the *Gauls*, on account of the great Virtues which they attributed to it; from whence New-years Gifts are still called in some parts of *France*, *Guy-l'an neuf*. But, not to reckon up more examples amongst other Nations, this Custom of New-Years Gifts is still observed here by our *English* Nobility, who every New-Years tide send to the King a Purse with Gold in it.

Reason may be joyn'd to Custom to justify that Practice; for as presages are drawn from the first things which are met on the beginning of a day, week, or year, none can be more pleasing than of those things that are given us. And if those who make long Voyages, after they have doubled the Cape, or some other considerable passage, do well to have some extraordinary entertainment to make merry on account of their happy progress, as well may those who are embarqu'd together in the course of this tempestuous life (to whom every Year is like some Cape that must be doubled to forward them in their Voyage, and bring them into new Regions) rejoyce with their Friends after they have escap'd the dangers that attend every year, and congratulate each other for the future by Presents and Wishes for the happy continuance of that course, which the Ancients called, *Strenarum commercium*: And as formerly men used to renew their Hospitalities by Presents, called *Xenia*, a name proper enough for our New-Years Gifts, they may be said to serve to renew Friendship, which is one of the greatest Gifts imparted by Heaven to men. And indeed the three sorts of good being found in Presents, *viz.* Honor, Profit, and Pleasure, Men, who have always assigned some day to those things which they thought good, have also judg'd it proper to solemnize the Festival of Gifts, and to show how much they esteemed it, in Token of Happiness made it begin the Year: For all men are so well assured of the power of Gifts, that there never was any Religion without Offering. But principally they are acceptable when the proportion between the Giver and the Receiver is observed, and thus the Poverty of that *Greek* Poet (who presenting often some Epigrams to *Augustus*, was paid by him in the same Poetical Coin) made that Emperor approve of the small piece of Money, with which the Epigrammatist gratified him for his Verses. So the value of the thing given, or, if it is a thing of small worth, its Novelty, or the Excellency of the work, and the place where it is given, makes it the more acceptable, but above all the time of giving it, which makes some Presents pass for a mark of Civility on the beginning of the Year, that would appear unsuitable in another season.

The

The following Verſes are another New-years Gift, and have ſo much of *Horace* in them, that they muſt be an acceptable Preſent at any time.

Ad Regem & Reginam

GULIELMUM & MARIAM.

STRENA HORATIANA.

MARIAM *teneræ, dicite Virgines;*
WILHELMUM *pueri, dicite ſtrenuum;*
Par Regale Supremo
Dilectum penitus Jovi.

Hanc ſtipat Charitum cœtus amabilis,
Æquantem ſtabili Pallada pectore.
Si vel ſola gubernet
Regna hac tuta ſub ægide.

WILHELMUM *decorat plurima adorea,*
Pulchro militiæ pulvere ſordidum.
O ſit noſtra minori
Sospes terra periculo!

Dignum carminibus Numen utrumque, ſed
Quis digna alterutro carmina fuderit?
Certè carmine dignos
Tradat fama nepotibus.

Concuſſi imperii eſt Hic Stator, Hæc Decus.
Gallorum jaceat fracta Superbia,
Devictoque Tyranno,
Sed ſeri, repetant Deos.

Some Thoughts on Death may properly enough follow this; ſince, while we wiſh that the Perſons for whoſe welfare we have the tendereſt Concern may live long, we ought to think on the ſhortneſs of our Lives; which *Philip* of *Macedon* thought ſo neceſſary, that each morning by his Order his Page us'd to bid him to remember that he was mortal. The meditation on that Subject which I ſend you here, was written by a Perſon of Quality (lately deceas'd) during his Sickneſs.

A Medi-

A MEDITATION on DEATH.

WHile wretched Man doth length of Days design,
Frail Life, a Particle of Time,
Prepares its Pinions for an early Flight;
While Nature's Sunshine gilds our Day,
And warms the Fabrick of this fleshly Clay,
We think but seldom of approaching Night.

Each short-liv'd Minute, which we here mispend,
Does push on our approaching End;
We post to Death when we begin to be:
Time's rapid Streams like Torrents glide,
We vainly seek to stem the fatal Tide
Whose Current wafts us to Eternity.

Alas! poor Wretch, consider, what art thou!
When Sickness shall thy Body plow,
And make deep Furrows in thy meager Face;
When Eyes shall sink, and Breath shall fail,
When rack like Pain thy Vitals shall assail,
How low will be thy Hopes! how sad thy Case!

A sure and undistinguishing Decree
Has past on all Mortality,
Sins fatal Sentence is beyond Repeal,
The Earth's the Gaol where at our Doom we grieve,
And vainly wish for a Reprieve,
The Penalty we fear'd not we must feel.

Death is th' Eclipse of Nature, the black Shade
That does our vital Lamp invade,
The Body's darkness, when its Oil is spent,
The final Period of our Dream,
Th' unwelcome Exit *of this worldly Scene,*
The Clew that leads to Bliss or Punishment.

Like Earth-bred Vermin on its Dross we feed,
Rejecting what does far exceed
The choicest Blessings we can here possess:
For when grim Death doth on us gaze,
And black Confusion all our Thoughts amaze,
For greater Joys we grieve to leave the less.

Betwixt

Betwixt a frail and an eternal State,
Death's only the Partition Gate,
And opes a Paſſage to a ſecond Birth:
But when our Souls ſhould ſoar above,
Oh! how they flagg! how heavily they move,
Clog'd with the droſſy Glories of the Earth.

The World's a magick Feaſt, the Joys it brings
Are vain unſatisfying Things,
Mere gilded Trifles to beguile the Senſe,
Life like a pleaſing Dream appears,
Stretcht to the length of ſome few ſeeming Years,
And Men, like Shadows, quickly vaniſh hence.

Enough of Death, let us have ſomething concerning the living; I have had an Account given me of an uncommon Adventure lately happen'd, which, tho' the Scene lies out of *England*, will probably as much divert you as a Home-ſtory.

The Picture: Or, Jealouſy without a Cauſe. A Novel.

IN a conſiderable Town in the *Netherlands*, an Officer of our Forces lately had his Quarters at a Lawyers, and was uſed there with extraordinary Civility. When ever he came home, the Lawyer was ſtill at hand to keep him Company, and at Night never uſed to leave him, till he had waited on him to his Bed-Chamber. Indeed the Officer deſerv'd no worſe an uſage, if a great deal of Honor, Wit, good Humor, and a Genteel Behavior, might entitle a Military Gueſt to ſo kind an Entertainment. But what ſtore of good qualities ſoever might eminently ſhine in him, I am very much afraid that they were leſs prevalent to create in his kind Landlord this unuſual Hoſpitality, than was a Selfiſh Principle, if we may call a Paſſion *Selfiſh*, that makes a Man ſtudy how to perplex himſelf, I mean *Jealouſy*: For he was indeed naturally enclin'd to that Frailty, and to that degree, that no Man could look on his Wife without making him believe that he had a deſign upon her. So the Complaiſance which the Officer ſhew'd her, eaſily ſtruck the Husband's touchy Imagination, and fancying him deeply in Love with her, he only kept him Company to keep him from that of his Wife: But he was ſo far from having any ſuch intentions, that the continual attendance of his Hoſt was no burthen to him: on the contrary, finding him to be a Man of Parts, he never troubled himſelf with

the extraordinary Care he took in watching his Wife, principally, ſince he had no deſire to diſcourſe with her in private. Yet all his indifference did not eaſe the Husband of thoſe Cares which his miſtruſt made him ſuffer. The poor over-weening Man ſeldom fix'd his Eyes on thoſe of the Officer, without imagining that he read in them the Paſſion he had for his Wife; and what was yet worſe, he had even perceiv'd, with an additional ſorrow, that he had breathed out ſome Sighs while he look'd on her, which altogether confirm'd him in his doubts. The Truth is, that the Officer ſeeing ſomething in the Lady that put him in mind of a very beautiful Perſon in *England* whom he lov'd paſſionately, thoſe amorous Thoughts had often coſt him ſome Sighs; not that the two Ladies did in any manner reſemble each other in Features, for their Faces were very different, but their Shape and Complexion were alike: And, what help'd to hit the Officer's Imagination more than the reſt, the Lady whom he lov'd ſo extremely, ſeldom wore any thing but Blue, and the Lawyer's Wife appear'd every day in an Undreſs of that Colour. Things were in thoſe Circumſtances, and the Husband's Jealouſy had yet only been troubleſom to himſelf, when it blaz'd out by an Accident as unforeſeen as it was extraordinary.

One Night the Officer came home and ſeem'd ſomewhat thoughtful, and truly he had cauſe enough for't, if a Man who has loſt all his Money at Play may be allow'd to be out of humor. Not thinking fit to acquaint his Landlord with the cauſe of his melancholy, he pretended to be ſomewhat out of order, to have an opportunity to withdraw. So the Lawyer, according to his over-civil Cuſtom, waited on him to his Apartment; and that he might not doubt but that all this Attendance was merely paid to his Merit independently from his own Jealouſy, the next morning he thought fit to viſit him in his Chamber, to enquire concerning his health. Accordingly he open'd the door, without waking him; and ſtealing in ſoftly near his Bedſide, ſpy'd a ſmall Picture-caſe which the Officer had left on a Chair near it. You may eaſily gueſs that it contain'd the Image of that abſent Saint to whom his Vows were due; he had gaz'd on it that night, poor Gentleman, to comfort himſelf after the loſs of his money. The Lawyer, not able to withſtand the temptation of taking up the Box, eagerly ſeiz'd it, and having as haſtily open'd it, had hardly caſt his eye on the inſide, when he, in a great ſurprize, ſhreek'd out, which preſently wak'd the Officer, who was amaz'd to ſee his Picture in the Lawyer's poſſeſſion, but much more, when deſiring to take it out of his hand, he bluntly told him, *That he ſhould ſooner have his Life.* Hearing this, he immediately

jump'd

jump'd out of Bed, ſlipping on his Gown, and having ſeiz'd his Sword, advanc'd toward the Lawyer who had laid hold on a pair of Piſtols that lay on the Table. He laid him on ſeverely with the Pummel, whilſt the other was vainly ſtriving to fire at him, which the Officer did not much fear, his Piſtols, by good Fortune, being unprim'd. Thus the match being ſomewhat unequal, the Lawyer, who ſtill receiv'd ſome Blow, cry'd out *Murther.* And, as Fate would have it, one of the Magiſtrates of the Town was going by, who hearing the Cry, took what aſſiſtance he could get, and ran up to the Chamber where our Combatants were engag'd. There finding the Officer holding his Antagoniſt by the Collar with one hand, and his Sword with the other, he took care to prevent further miſchief, and having inform'd the Officer of his Authority, he commanded him to keep the Peace, upon which Proclamation all Hoſtilities ceas'd. But the Officer had no ſooner inform'd the Magiſtrate with the cauſe of the Quarrel, then the Lawyer haſtily reply'd, *That he had a good reaſon for his refuſing to give him back the Picture, ſince it was that of his Wife* . which caus'd the Magiſtrate, who knew her, to deſire to judge of this by his eyes; and accordingly, having examined the Picture in queſtion, he immediately join'd with the Officer, who ſaid the other was blind or diſtracted. But he, much concern'd to find the Magiſtrate of his Enemy's ſide, could not forbear asking him, *Whether he was not mad himſelf, and could not know his Wife in that Picture, tho' it were but by the colour of her Hair, and her blue Dreſs.*

In vain he was told, that the Picture having none of her Features, the likeneſs of Complexion, and colour of Dreſs, were no Evidence on his ſide, but rather the weakeſt of all the frivolous circumſtantial Proofs that could be objected by the greateſt wrangler of his Profeſſion: He, with the obſtinacy of a well feed Advocate, ſtill perſiſted in his Concluſions, maintaining that it was his Wife's Picture, and that there was ſome wicked Correſpondence between her and the Gentleman; ſo the Diſpute grew hot, and the Plaintiff and Defendant, according to Cuſtom, ſaid none of the kindeſt things to each other, and chiefly the Husband, who being no longer Maſter of his Reaſon, gave the Gentleman the Lye, for which he very fairly return'd him a Box on the Ear. To which Bill the other gave him an Anſwer much in the ſame ſtyle, which occaſion'd the firſt to put in his Reply, and the other his Rejoinder. Till the Magiſtrate bravely ſtep'd between, loudly bidding them to keep the Peace, and for his pains receiv'd the Blows which, like random-ſhot, miſs'd either Party. In the mean time one of the Maids, whom the noiſe of

that ſecond Engagement had brought thither, gave the Alarm to her Miſtreſs, who lying backwards had heard nothing of all theſe Civil Wars, telling her that the Officer was murthering her Maſter; at which diſmal News ſhe threw herſelf out of Bed, wild with fear, and almoſt without Cloaths, ran to the Field of Battel, but it had been better for her to have ſtaid away; for her Husband, who could not tell on whom he might vent his Fury for all this diſturbance, welcom'd her with ſome ſenſible marks of his manual kindneſs; or, in plainer *Engliſh*, with ſome Blows on her pretty Face, to which the charitable Magiſtrate (once more interpoſing) put a ſtop. Now the fair innocent Creature being as little us'd to ſuch Salutes as ſhe never deſerv'd them, they occaſion'd in her ſuch an agony of Grief, that immediately ſhe fell into a deep Swoon; and while the Magiſtrate and others charitably endeavour'd to bring her to her Senſes, the jealous Husband ſent to her Parents who liv'd hard by, bidding them to come and take home their Daughter, if they had not a mind that he ſhould cloyſter her up in a Nunnery. This unexpected Compliment of their Son-in-law ſoon fetch'd them, and if it occaſion'd a great ſurprize in them when they receiv'd it, you may well imagine that it was a greater to them to find their Daughter in that condition; neither could the old Couple tell what to think, ſeeing their beloved Child with a ſingle Petticoat on, in a Man's Room who was ſtill in his Night-cap and Gown, and a Magiſtrate by. For their comfort their Son-in-law did not hold them long in ſuſpenſe, but ſoon entertain'd them with the ſame Complaints of his Wife's Infidelity which he had already made, and ended them with that of the pretended Gift made by her of her Picture to the Officer; which the Lady, who by that time was recover'd of her Fit, hearing, ſhe demanded ſatisfaction for the falſe Accuſation; ſo to judge of it, the Picture was ſhown. Now the blue Dreſs and light-colour'd Hair being the only things wherein it was like her, the old Gentleman and his Wife, who had with ſorrowful hearts had the patience to hear their Son-in-law ſpeak the rudeſt things in the world of their Daughter, could not endure to ſee her arraign'd upon a ſuſpition that had ſo little likelihood of truth in it, without giving way to a reſentment anſwerable to the Affront. Accordingly the Mother firſt flew at the miſtaken Husband, laying hold on his natural Perwig, and while ſhe thus tore his hair with one hand, and embroider'd his Face with the claws of the other, to the utter diſgrace of his countenance, the Father on his ſide was doing his beſt to make him feel that he did not uſe to be abus'd with Impunity. In the mean time the Wife, loſt in grief

and

and amazement at the ſight of a Battel, wherein the three perſons for whom ſhe had the greateſt regard were engag'd, cry'd out for help, without joining with either Party, till at laſt ſome Neighbors caus'd thoſe Hoſtilities to ceaſe, and that Truce, like all others, produc'd Negotiations and grave Debates about the cauſe of the War; after all, the Circumſtances that had occaſion'd the Husband's ſuſpition were found ridiculous, and every one blam'd him; but he on his ſide pretended that every one was to blame, and taxing them all either with ignorance or partiality, ſent for the moſt famous Painter in the Town, as the fitteſt and moſt competent Judge of the Caſe. Well, the Painter came, and the Picture was put into his hand by the Husband, who at the ſame time deſir'd him to look on it, and then on all the Women in the Room, (for by that time ſeveral Women were come thither) and then inform the Company whoſe likeneſs it was; the Painter did ſo, and then told him freely that it was not like any one there. But the Lawyer, leſs ſatisfy'd than before, having haſtily ask'd the Painter whether he could deny that it was his Wife's Picture, he no ſooner replied that it reſembled her leſs yet than any one of the reſt, but with two or three Blows on the Face, and ſome half dozen more where they could hit, the Husband returned him thanks for his anſwer. As this was too much for fleſh and blood to bear, it would have caus'd a fourth Battel, had not the Beholders taken off the Husband, and laid hold on him as a mad Man; ſo they ſtopt his hands, but not his tongue; for he charg'd the Painter with being concern'd in the Intrigue, and ſaid that he had drawn the Picture, tho', being bribed by the Officer, he acted his part to conceal the truth. The Painter, on the other hand, vow'd that he would have ſatisfaction for the falſe Accuſation, no leſs than for the Blows he had receiv'd, and there were ſo many Witneſſes of the thing, that a Law-ſuit from the Painter would have been of very dangerous conſequence to the Husband. Some of his Friends in the company prevail'd with the Magiſtrate to uſe his endeavors to prevent it; and the Aggreſſor, who began to know that he was in the wrong, having left it to his deciſion, he condemn'd him to ſome ſmall pecuniary amends, which oblig'd the Painter to be pacify'd.

In the mean time, it being neceſſary, for the Lady's reputation and eaſe, not to leave the main buſineſs undecided, ſuch prevailing Reaſons were us'd to convince the Husband of his Error, that at laſt he began to yield, principally when he was told that it was impoſſible that the Picture, which had caus'd all this diſorder, ſhould be that which he ſuppos'd to have been made for the Officer, ſince it

was

was eaſy to perceive that it had been long made, and he had not been in Town above ten days; ſo this laſt Reaſon ſatisfy'd him, and then the injur'd Parties began to inveigh againſt his groundleſs Jealouſy, the Wife cry'd, *She could no longer live with a Man who could have ſo mean thoughts of her Virtue.* The Father ſtorm'd, the Mother rail'd, and the Officer ſeem'd as little ſatisfied; ſo the Husband was glad to buy Peace at the price of an humble and ſorrowful acknowledgment of his Fault, and beg'd pardon of his Father and Mother-in-law, of his Wife, and finally of the Gentleman who remain'd in poſſeſſion of his dear Picture. You may well imagine that by thoſe means all things were pretty well diſpos'd to a Peace, and indeed there remain'd only an Obſtacle to make it laſting; for as the Lawyer had ſenſe, and was apt to be jealous upon the leaſt matter, he fear'd that as Revenge is ſweet, and particularly to the Sex, his Wife, whom he had abus'd, might entertain ſome thoughts of vengeance to the danger of his Honour, and the Officer furniſh her with means to put them into practice; ſo for the peace of the Family, it was neceſſary that the Officer ſhould leave it. Now as any thing may be done with money, the Husband reſolv'd to part with ſome to purchaſe his eaſe, and was thinking on ſome Expedient to offer it to the Officer, when News was brought that his Regiment was to march out the next day. This difficulty was remov'd, and the Officer left the Husband and the Wife fully at liberty to come to ſuch terms as might conduce moſt to the ſecurity of their mutual happineſs.

If Jealouſy when harbour'd in a Breaſt, produces ſuch fatal Effects, Love is ſometimes a Gueſt no leſs troubleſom to thoſe that entertain him, and ſeldom remov'd with leſs difficulty than the other. You have an Example of this in the following Verſes which were written by a Gentleman, whoſe Wit cannot free him from this tormenting Paſſion.

A LETTER to a Friend; from the Country.

IN vain, my Friend, ſo often I remove,
I find that Abſence ſtill increaſes Love:
The barbarous Foe, like an ingrateful Gueſt,
Too ſtrongly lodg'd, poſſeſſes all my Breaſt.
Gladly, I ſuffer'd him to ſhare my Soul,
But now the Traytor has uſurp'd it whole;
I burn with pains too great to be endur'd,
And yet I neither can, nor would be cur'd.

In

In other Ills all Remedies we try,
But fond of this we grow content to dye:
For all were uſeleſs here to help my Grief,
And I ſhould ſtrive in vain to ſeek Relief.
In vain I ruſh'd amidſt the thundring War,
Endeavor'd, all in vain, to find it there;
In all the heat of Fight, I thought on Her.
If conquering Camps, refus'd to give me Eaſe,
The Town, at my Return, afforded leſs.
Without Concern, it's Wealth, and Pomp I ſee,
And all its Pleaſures, are but loſt on me.
If, with my Friends, I ſhould to Plays reſort,
Without a Smile, I ſee the Comick Sport:
I mingle no Applauſes with the Pit,
Nor mind the Action, nor the Author's Wit.
I ſee the ſhining Beauties ſit around,
But have no room left for another Wound.
I flie for Refuge to the Country now,
But that is ſavage, and denies it too.
For my Retirement fans my raging Fire,
And Trees, and Fields, and Floods, and Verſe conſpire
To ſpread the Flame, and heighten the Deſire.
Wildly I range the Woods, and trace the Groves,
To every Oak I tell my hopeleſs Loves.
Torn by my Paſſion, to the Earth I fall,
I kneel to all the Gods, I pray to all;
Nothing but Eccho anſwers to my Prayer,
And ſhe ſpeaks nothing, but Deſpair, Deſpair.
I give relentleſs Heav'n, this laſt Reply,
I do Deſpair, and will reſolve to Dye.

Here is a Lover who is very different from the other.

THE MANAGEMENT. By Mr. *H.*

EAch day I've liv'd I've ſpent it all in Love;
Each day I've liv'd, I've Courted three or four;
Before cold Age this Humor do's remove,
I hope to love at leaſt Five hundred more.

Extreams in other things I can't endure,
I hate to go beyond wiſe Nature's Laws;
But Lovers muſt, if they expect a Cure,
Repeat the Doſe, till it expel the Cauſe.

Some

Some travel round the ſpacious Globe in vain,
Change their Religion with their native Climes,
Encourag'd with the hopes of ſordid Gain,
They dive in Waters, and they dig in Mines.

But ſome Misfortunes ſtill theſe Men o'retake,
Before the Wretches reach their Native Lands,
Their well-fraught Ships are wreck'd or ſpring a Leak,
Or fall into the watchful Pyrat's hands.

I'le ſpend my time in Love as I've begun;
What tho' I ne're ſhould find a Miſtreſs true,
Yet ſtill ſo ill a Race I cannot run;
Theſe loſt their Labour, and their Riches too.

I will join to theſe Verſes four Lines by a Lover in a Rapture.

On thoſe delicious Globes I fain would lie,
Not only Sleep, but with Content would die:
Two noble Worlds I'd boaſt my Love had won,
And laugh at him who thought there was but One.

I have here another ſhort Madrigal, which was made *Ex tempore* by Mr. *O.* and written in a young Lady's Almanack, being indeed a very ſeaſonable Advice.

THink, bright Florella, *when you ſee*
The conſtant *changes of the Year,*
That nothing is from Ruine free,
And gayeſt things muſt diſappear.

Think of your Glories in their Bloom,
The Spring of ſprightly Youth improve;
For cruel Age alas will come,
And then 'twill be too late to love.

You have, without doubt, ſeen ſome Verſes that begin, *Have you not in a Chimney ſeen*; what follows, is a Tranſlation of them in *Latin*.

HUmida nativo virgulta recentia ſucco
Suſcipiunt invita, focis injecta, calorem;
Sudant & ſtrident, lachrymas hinc inde profundunt:
Haud alios patitur pudibunda puella dolores,
Quam priùs intactam pronus reclinat Amator;
Sed Veneris matrona ſciens, ut robora ſicca
Ardent, aut ſtipulæ demptis adolentur ariſtis,
Sponte abit in flammas, fruiturque Libidinis æſtu.

We are like to be without new Plays this month and the next; the Death of Mr. *Mountfort*, and that of Mr. *Leigh* ſoon after him, being partly the cauſe of this delay. The firſt that is promiſed us is a Comedy by Mr. *Southern*, whoſe Plays are written with too much Politeneſs and Wit, not to be read by you with un-common pleaſure.

Mr. *Rhymer*'s Book which the Ingenious expected with ſo much Impatience, is publiſh'd and is call'd, *A Short View of Tragedy*, &c. being dedicated to the Right Honourable the Earl of *Dorſet*. Mr. *Rhymer*, like ſome of the *French* that follow *Ariſtotle*'s Precepts, declares for *Chorus*'s, and takes an occaſion to examin ſome Plays of *Shakeſpear*'s, principally *Othello*, with the ſame ſeverity and judgment with which he criticiſed ſome of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*'s in his Book called, *The Tragedies of the laſt Age*, which being very ſcarce hath alſo been reprinted, to be bound up with this Laſt. The Ingenious are ſomewhat divided about ſome Remarks in it, though they concur with Mr. *Rhymer* in many things, and generally acknowledge that he diſcovers a great deal of Learning through the whole. For theſe Reaſons I muſt forbear ſaying any more of it, and refer you to the Book it ſelf; well remembring what *Quintilian* tells us, *Modeſtè tamen & circumſpecto judicio de tantis viris pronuntiandum eſt, ne quod pleriſque accidit, damnent quæ non intelligunt.*

Mr. *D'Acier* who lately gave us a *French* Tranſlation of *Ariſtotle*'s Treatiſe of Poetry, with learned Notes and an admirable Preface, thought that it was fit alſo to give a Tranſlation of ſome *Greek* Tragedies, that we might at once ſee the Rule and the Example. To effect this he hath choſen two out of *Sophocles*, the *Oedipus* and the *Electra*, Maſter-pieces in their kind, there being nothing more perfect for the Fable and the Subject, for the Morality and the Characters, the Thoughts and the Diction. He owns that it is impoſſible to preſerve this laſt beauty in a Tranſlation, though he has made his Proſe as Poetical as he could; but it may be ſaid that he hath not only kept in all the other Perfections of thoſe Pieces, but by the means of his curious Notes, made them very obvious. Mr. *D'Acier* having ſhewed in *Ariſtotle*'s *Poetica* that Tragedy was invented only to inſtruct, would have it anſwer that deſign, or crys it down as corrupted and unworthy of that Name; he tells us that ancient Tragedy perfectly anſwers that end by the means of the Chorus, for which he refers us to thoſe of *Sophocles*, who, always conforming to the Spirit of the Religion then reigning, when he hath made his Actors ſay ſuch things as are contrary to that Spirit, (as that often happens, and is even neceſſary) never fails to correct them with wiſe and pious Reflexions, which, he ſaith, cannot well be done in Tragedies without Chorus's.

They write from *Paris* that the Biſhop of *Meaux* hath cited the Famous Dr. *Dupin* before the *Sorbonne*. One of the chief Accuſations brought againſt him is, That he has favour'd the Proteſtants in many places of his Biblioteque of the Eccleſiaſtical Writers, upon ſeveral of the Points in Controverſie between them and the *Romiſh* Church; as, The Worſhip of Saints and Images; The Diſtinction between Apocryphal Books; Cœlibacy, and Communion under both kinds: Nay, They would prove him a *Socinian* too, becauſe in the Hiſtory of *Neſtorius* and the Council of *Epheſus* he hath given ſeveral hints to ſhow that moſt of the Expreſſions of *Neſtorius* were wreſted by his Adverſaries; though F. *Simon*, who has ſaid as much and more, lives ſtill undiſturbed. As to *Socinianiſm*, no more needs to be ſaid for the juſtification of that great Man, than to refer the Reader to his firſt Volume, which, as I told you in ſome of my former, is tranſlated into *Engliſh*, wherein he gives an impartial account of the Diſputes between the Orthodox and the *Arians*, and of the conduct of both, and ſhews that the laſt were as great Perſecutors and as troubleſome and inconſtant as the Church of *Rome* now is. Judge if it doth not become that Biſhop well, who has ſo long laboured to ſoften the Popiſh Tenents, now to turn Informer againſt Dr. *Dupin?* It's ſaid indeed, that Envy and Jealouſie have had a hand in it, and that a Paraphraſe and Notes on the *Pſalms* of this Doctor, more look'd after than thoſe of the Biſhop, have after five or ſix years time raiſed the Zeal of his Lordſhip.

I ſpoke to you in ſome of my former of the Life of Count *Tekeli* lately printed in *French*; it is now *Engliſh'd*, and will be ſpeedily publiſhed.

There is alſo a Book newly publiſhed called *Memoires pour Servir a l'Hiſtoire de* Louis *de* Bourbon *Prince de* Conde, in 2 vol. 8°. which is *Engliſhing*, and will doubtleſs be as acceptable, to you that love to read Hiſtory, as the other.

The Hiſtory of *Theodoſius*, written in *French* by the famous Abbot *Flechier*, of the *French* Academy, and now Biſhop of *Niſmes*, will alſo ſhortly appear in *Engliſh*.

The *Memoires* of the Life of the Duke *de Bouillon* have alſo lately been printed in *France*, with ſome Particulars of the Life of the Vicount *de Turenne*, and have been re-printed in *Holland*.

As alſo a large Book of *Geography*, by Monſieur *de la Croix*, Geographer to the *French* King; which he calls, *La Geographie Univerſelle*. It contains, *A Treatiſe of the Sphere*, *A Deſcription of the Terreſtrial and Celeſtial Globes*, and *every part* of the *Earth* divided in all their States, Provinces, *&c.* and hath ſeveral *Maps*, and the *Habits* of the different Nations.

Dr. *Wil-*

Dr. *William Cole* hath lately written a Book called *Novæ Hypotheſeos ad explicanda Febrium intermittentium ſymptomata & typos excogitatæ hypotypoſis, una cum Ætiologia remediorum.*

The ſecond Volum of *The Packet broken open* will alſo be very ſpeedily publiſhed.

The *Tranſlation* of Monſieur *De la Loubere*'s Curious Account of the Kingdom of *Sciam*, by a *F. R. S.* is now publiſhed in Folio.

Mr. *De la Croze* hath undertaken to give us a monthly Book which he calls, *Memoirs for the Ingenious:* It is to contain ſeveral Obſervations in Philoſophy, Mathematics, Phyſic, Hiſtory and Philology; and he hopes that the Learned will ſupply him with Materials to make ſo great an Undertaking the more eaſie to him: he intends to give an account of what he ſhall think moſt remarkable in the *Paris Journal des Scavans*, and their *Mathematical Memoirs*, which laſt Book is now continued monthly at *Paris*, and is much of the nature of our *Philoſophical Tranſactions.*

There is a little Book newly printed called, *A Gentleman's Religion, with the Grounds and Reaſons of it*; ſaid to be writtten *by a private Gentleman.*

We have alſo a new *French* Edition of all Mr. St. *Euremont*'s Works in 4 Volums, the two latter conſiſting of Pieces not printed before, of which (not having had time to peruſe them) I can give you no further account.

Mr. *Ray*, of the Royal Society, has put out a new Edition corrected and very much enlarged, of his late *Phiſico-Theological Diſcourſes* concerning the primitive *Chaos* and *Creation of the World*; The general Deluge, its Cauſes and Effects; The Diſſolution of the World, and future Conflagrations. Particularly he has added an Hiſtorical account of the two late Earthquakes in *Jamaica* and *England.*

Dr. *T. Burnet* hath publiſhed an Apologetical Sheet upon account of his *Archæologia.*

Dr. *Mills*, of *Oxford*, will ſhortly publiſh the Edition of the New Teſtament, on which he has ſo long been at work; it has a moſt exact and large Collection of all the various Readings that are found in all the Manuſcripts in *Europe.* St. *Barnaby*'s Epiſtle ſhall not be publiſhed till the Teſtament be finiſhed.

Dr. *Bernard* continues his *Joſephus*; and, after that, hath another large Work to give us, I mean, his *Chronology.*

The Mathematical Works of Dr. *Wallis* are alſo printing at *Oxford*, being to conſiſt of 4 Volums.

I hear alſo that 20 or 30 Sheets are to be added to *Moriſſon*'s *Botanic* Work, by an able hand.

We are promiſed a very curious Treatiſe by Mr. *Hyde*, *de Ludis Orientalium.*

Dr. *Allix*'s great Work is to contain the general Councils, with Notes, and when ſome conſiderable matter occurs, he gives a Diſſertation on it. What follows the Eighth Century is only treated in Diſſertations, wherein he gives Compendiums of the Councils without inſerting their Canons, leſt the Work had been too long: the whole being 5 Volums Folio.

I have ſeen a Book lately written in *Germany*, very uſefull to all Lovers of Medals and Antiquity; it is called, *Hiſtoriæ rei Nummariæ veteris Scriptores aliquot inſigniores ad lectionem ſacrorum & profanorum Scriptorum utiles, cum Bibliotheca nummaria.*

A Book hath been printed at *Prague*, and then at *Nuremberg*, by one *Knitel*, a Jeſuit, which he calls, *Via Regia ad omnes Scientias & Artes*; *hoc eſt*, *Ars univerſalis Scientiarum omnium, Artiumque arcana facilius penetrandi.*

From *Italy* they write that F. *Bacchini*, who had left off the Journal of Learning which he wrote at *Parma*, continues it now at *Mantua* much more ample and curious than before. One F. *Manzani* had began a *Latin* Journal at the firſt of thoſe Places, but we do not hear that he continues it.

A Poſthumous Volum of *Eccleſiaſtical Antiquity* by Mr. *Schelſtrate*, Keeper of the *Vatican* Library, is ſhortly to be publiſhed at *Rome*. And F. *Norris*, who ſucceeds Mr. *Schelſtrate*, is preparing an Anſwer to F. *Hardouin*, about the Explication of ſome Medals.

The *French* Academy hath at laſt finiſhed their great Dictionary, but the Preface to it is not yet written, which may perhaps keep it a long time from appearing.

F. *La Broſſe*, Authour of the *Gazophilacium Linguæ Perſarum* printed at *Amſterdam* in Folio, and *de Pharmacopœia Perſica* printed at *Paris*, is leaving *Rome*, where he refuſed the Chair of Profeſſour of the Oriental Tongues, and intends to ſettle in *Holland*, where he doubtleſs will furniſh the Preſs with ſome very curious Works; he has ſpent the beſt part of his life in *Perſia*.

There is a Treatiſe *de Academicis & Juriſperitis*, written by the late Mr. *Hauteſerre*, which is to be printed at *Paris*, where they prepare alſo a new Edition of *Berengarius Fernandus*, ſo well known among the Civilians.

Mr. *Perrault*, of the *French* Academy, hath very lately publiſhed the Third Part of his *Parallele des Anciens & des Modernes*, relating only to Poetry.

Mr. *Adrian de Valois*, famous for ſeveral Works, and chiefly for his *Latin* Hiſtory of the firſt Race of the Kings of *France*, died lately at *Paris*; and Mr. *De St. Real*, who, among other Books, lately publiſh'd one *de la Critique*, is alſo deceaſed at *Chamberry*, his native Country.

Mr. *Regis*

Mr. *Regis* hath given an Anſwer to the Critical Remarks of Mr. *Duhamel*, on his *Carteſian* Syſtem.

There are ſome new Memoirs to illuſtrate the Hiſtory of *Carteſianiſm*, by Monſieur *G.* of the Academy, which are ſhort, and deſigned to ridicule *Des-Cartes*, principally about his Voyage to *Sweedland*.

F. *D'Avril*, a Miſſionary Jeſuit, hath printed a Relation of his Travels, which ſeems very faithfull: The beſt things in it are ſome new Diſcoveries in great *Tartary*, and the way to go by Land to *China*.

F. *Commires* hath been theſe 15 years upon a Piece of Hiſtory which is to contain the Lives and Actions of the firſt five Kings of the Branch of *Valois*, and conſequently the Wars between the *Engliſh* and the *French*; it is written in *French*, and digeſted according to the ſtrictneſs of the Rules: and, that nothing may be wanting to it, he hath lately learned the *Engliſh* Tongue, and peruſed all the Manuſcripts or printed Books he could find that treat on that Subject.

F. *d Orleans* continues his Undertaking, which is, to write Hiſtory with the Title of *Revolutions*; his ſecond Volum, which reaches from King *John* to *Henry* the Eighth, ſhall be ſeen in a week or two at *Paris*; and he promiſes a third Volum, to end that Hiſtory, and bring it down to our times. They ſay, That another Hiſtory of the *Revolutions* of *England* is printing there in two Volums in 12°. But, unleſs all thoſe Hiſtories be truer than that of *O. Cromwell*, publiſhed about a year ago, by the Abbot *Raguenet*, thoſe Hiſtorians had better write the Hiſtories of their Countrey, than impoſe ſuch Falſities on the World upon hear-ſays and fabulous accounts.

There is lately come to *Paris* a young *Hermaphrodite* that occaſions ſeveral pleaſant Remarks among the Learned; he was born in *Aquitain* in the year 1669. and brought up by the Curate of the Pariſh, having been baptized and named *Margaret*. This is all he knows of his birth; his *fatherly* Curate dying when he was about 15, he removed to *Toulouze*, where during five or ſix years he was entertained in ſome Families as a Chamber-maid, till, falling ſick, the ambiguity of his Sex was diſcovered. He hath the Complexion, Air, Voice, Gate, and Shape of a Woman, full Breaſts and long moiſt Hair: and, having been brought up like a Woman loves their habit and employments; ſome ſaying that he hath their Baſhfulneſs; yet in ſpight of his inclination to be like them, if he were capable of being married, 'tis thought he would make uſe of a young Female, being if I may ſay ſo, as much an *Hermaphrodite* in humor as in body, *Mulier vellet eſſe, & Marem agere. Subigi noluit, cùm comprimere geſtiat. Simul caſta Virgo & Vir impurus.* By a Sentence of the Magiſtrates of *Toulouze* of the 21ſt of *July* laſt, it was ordered that he ſhould take name of *Arnold*, and wear Man's apparel.

The

The first Enigma in my last is *Love*; the two others *a Shadow*. Solutions were sent me of the three, subscribed *Laura*, *J. G. Tho. Banks*, *W. S. Selby*, *Manuel Sorrell*, *D. Powell*, *Pyrocles*, *T. R.* The following in Verse, *H. W.* *J. Will*, *J. Fransham*, *J. Ellis.* *J. Quilldriver*, *Cryptophilus*, *H. Horner*, and *Dove W.* In these 8 Lines to the Gentleman that made the first.

Ah why, Osiris, *why in vain*
Thus do you strive to hide the Boy?
Sure you ne'er felt Love's pleasing pain,
Though with such art you paint the Joy.
Love, *though a Riddle, is a Light*
Whose piercing Rays no veil conceals,
It shouts through the obscurest Night,
And, like all Fire, it self reveals.

Mr. *N. C.* sent me the following Solution of the second, being sure that if it is a Shadow, the third is not a Substance.

Frail man, so lofty and so big,
Thou art e'en thy own self th' Enig.
What but a Shadow *'s the vain Thing*
Down to the Beggar, from the King?

ENIGMA I. by *R. C.*

MY Birth is mean, my Bulk is small,
Yet by my Pow'r high Buildings fall.
I speak aloud, yet want a Tongue:
Not Samson's *arm was half so strong:*
Like him, no gates my progress stay,
And by my death I thousands slay:
I seldom wound till I am dead,
And e'er I win the field am fled.
No feet I have, yet swiftly run,
And never speak till I'm undone.
With Clouds the troubled Air I fill,
And seldom touch the wretch I kill.
Note but my habit, you would swear,
That I some Countrey Parson were;
But when I take my Soldier's hue,
My Colours then are red and blew.

ENIGMA II. by *Oſiris.*

I Humble and ſubdue the Brave,
Ruin proud Victors, and oft the vanquiſh'd ſave:
Not Thunder, darted from the Skyes,
More fatally more ſwiftly flyes.
Wheree'er I fix my wanton lawleſs Pow'r,
From thence I wound, and raviſh ev'ry hour:
Nor wiſh the wounded to eſcape,
Nor would the raviſh'd miſs the Rape;
But all throughout the univerſal Round
My celebrated Name in laſting Praiſes ſound:
Continually my dazling Form they view,
And the bright Fantôme eagerly purſue.
Yes, Fantôme: *for in air and thought I live;*
And am, or am not, as the world conceive.
And yet ſo firm th' Ideal Throne,
Unerring Fate has plac'd me on,
That thence fix'd Laws to ev'ry Life I give.
Nothing more mutable than I:
In ev'ry time and place my varied ſhape I change:
For ever live; for ever dye;
And through whole Nature's bounds, unbounded range.
The charming Picture of the real Heav'n,
Yet often for a Plague and Poiſon giv'n.
In ev'ry Clime, in ev'ry Age,
Through the World's wide extended Stage,
My charming Beams in glory ſhine;
Scarce have the Solar Rays a freer ſcope than mine:
Both often innocently cauſe
The higheſt violation of the ſacred Laws:
Both charm the pleas'd and wondring Sight:
Both fill the mind with vaſt delight:
Both with the Morning riſe, and diſappear at Night.

I have here a *Sonnet* by the Famous Biſhop of *Graſſe* and *Vence*, one of the Worthieſt Members of the *French* Academy, which was ſent me with this Tranſlation of it, by the Gentleman that made this ſecond Enigma.

Upon

Upon an Overflowing of the River Seine.

SEINE, whoſe o'erflowing ſpreads thee like a Sea,
When by thy Waves I ſee with fury hurl'd
About the fields the Labourer's Induſtry,
Methinks I ſee an Emblem of the World.

Its power is noiſie, like thy roaring Wave;
And when blind paſſion does its current guide,
It ſpoils, o'erthrows, and ſwallows like the Grave;
Then ſinks and falls, as does thy ebbing Tyde.

Thy Waters do for-ever ſlide away.
The life of man does conſtantly decay.
Nothing e'er puts a ſtop to eithers courſe.

In this one point they only diſagree——
Men daily wander from their ſacred Source;
Thy ſtreams go duely to their native Sea.

Sur le Debord de la Seine.

SEINE, dont le debord fait une Mer profonde,
Lors que je voy tes flots, avec tant de fureur,
Ravager dans nos champs l'eſpoir du Laboureur,
Je croy voir le tableau de la Grandeur du Monde.

Son pouvoir fait du fruit comme ta vague gronde;
Et quand des paſſions il ſuit l'aveugle erreur,
Il ravage, il deſole, il porte la terreur,
Mais ce pouvoir s'enfuit, comme s'enfuit ton Onde.

Tu coules ſans repos & la nuit & le jour;
Les hommes n'en ont point en ce mortal ſejour;
De leurs ans, de tes eaux rien n'arreſte la courſe:

En ce point ſeulement vous vous reſemblez mal—
Les hommes tous les jours s'eloignent de leur ſource;
Et tous les jours tes eaux vont vers leur lieu natal.

Though

Though my performance has not perhaps been anſwerable to my deſires, theſe Collections may boaſt a ſucceſs far greater than I could expect. If to be read by many Perſons as eminent by their Wit and Judgment as their Quality, and told in above a thouſand Letters that the undertaking pleaſed, be to me a ſure token of its kind reception: not to mention the re-printing the former Journals, daily asked for, whoſe Impreſſions were all ſold off.

As I ſaid in one of my former, many things, though very ingenious, have not been thought fit to be inſerted here; and I am ſenſible that ſeveral think I have not done them juſtice by not publiſhing their Verſes. But I never received any thing that was tolerable, without conſulting ſome Friend of unqueſtionable judgment and ſincerity about it; and have had ſo many things of the ſame kind, that I could not make uſe of them all. Thoſe who know my temper muſt be ſenſible that I have been often heartily ſorry for the neceſſity there was to omit things kindly ſent to me to promote my Undertaking.

I ought therefore to acknowledge my Obligations to ſeveral Perſons who nor only ſent me things of their own, but alſo of others: and among the firſt, I muſt, with all due ſence of gratitude and reſpect, remember the Gentlemen of our two no leſs Famous than Learned Univerſities.

In *September* laſt an Imitation of the 35th Ode of *Horace*, by Mr. *T.* was ſent me by Mr. *N.* Though it was very incorrect, and the perſon that wrote it had added and changed very freely, and obſerved no regularity in the Verſes, I liked ſomething in it, and chiefly the Prayer for King *William*'s Safety; but it was followed by ſomething that ſeemed indeed ſomewhat ambiguous: As, *How far we ſtray'd of late*, and, *The beſt of Kings muſt fall.* The word *late* being the more improperly uſed there to ſignifie what happened 40 or 50 years ago, ſeeing that the *King* afterwards is not named, and the word *fall* is metaphorical in more than one ſence: not to add that ſome men might according to their Principles have given to thoſe lines an ill interpretation. Some Friends were of my mind; ſo I was the freer to alter the Ode; and I deſire you to take it from me only as it is in my laſt; though urged by Mr. *N.* to print it as he ſent it, you will find it here as it came to me, which I the rather do, that you may have an Inſtance of the greatneſs of my Toil, and the Ingratitude or want of judgment of ſome Men. For I can prove that three Perſons of undoubted judgment and integrity thought my Alterations neceſſary and juſt, before I printed the Ode. The very ſight of it, as it was ſent me, will deſide the matter. Therefore I need not loſe time to ſhew all the Errors in it.

Solummodo demonſtrare, deſtruere eſt; Tertul.

Horace Ode 35th. Book 1ſt. imitated.

TO FORTUNE.

I.

GReat Arbitreſs of men and things:
Thou who art prone to raiſe
The humble man, and give him happy days;
Thou who doſt vex th' injuſt,
And ſcatter all his honours in the duſt;
Attend, to thee the Poet ſings.
On thee th' induſtrious Swain relies,
For the reward of all his cares;
To thee th' Adventrous Merchant cries,
When tempeſts ſhake his hopes, and he deſpairs:
To thee the diſtant Indians *pay their vows;*
To thee all Europe *bows:*
Tyrants, who would be Gods,
And handle Scepters as they handle rods,
Look pale, and are afraid,
Leſt thou ſhould'ſt frown;
Leſt thou ſhould'ſt hurle 'em down;
And caſt their luſtre into ſhade.

II.

Where e're thou doſt command,
Neceſſity, all ſtain'd with putrid gore,
Stalks on before;
Swords racks and bombs are in her hand,
The dreadfull ſcourges of an impious land.
Hope and Sincerity (a ſtranger grown)
And rarely, very rarely ſhown;
With thee remain,
And add a gracefull ſplendor to thy train:
Howe're ſometimes enrag'd, thou doſt require
Thine own, and from the tott'ring Great retire:
The trencher-friend, the perjur'd Whore,
Both then paſs by the door,
And cannot hear that empty ſaying – I'm poor.

III.

Preſerve Great William, *while he does advance*
His ſhining arms againſt the pow'rs of France:

Guide

Guide thou his fate,
And keep the glory of our ſtate;
The Youth deſign'd in time to come
To bring pale terrour unto Rome;
The Youth that muſt,
Break her ſtone gods, and humble her in the duſt.
O how ſhame hides my face,
When I remember (eternal diſgrace!)
How far we ſtray'd of late,
When prompted on by Civil hate;
From our own little ſelves divided more,
Then from the Greater world before:
Ah curſed age!
What crimes did we forbear?
What Altars ſpare?
The beſt of Kings muſt fall t' appeaſe our rage:
No more of this: rather let pagans feel,
Then our own ſelves, the force of our own ſteel.

What follows is part of the Gentleman's Letter that ſent me the Ode; I am ſorry that I have not room to print it all, there being ſome paſſages in it pleaſant enough.

—*TIS evident you miſtake the ſence in ſeveral places; as for inſtance; you attribute theſe words,* The glory of our ſtate, *in the third Stanza, to King* Wm. *which was never intended, but to* The Youth *following in the next verſe, otherwiſe what means the conjunction* And? *again, You make* Tyrants *in the firſt Stanza, not ſo much to be afraid for themſelves as for ſome* Uſurpers *crept in unawares, of whom I find not the leaſt mention made either by* Hor. *or Mr.* T. *I cannot be perſuaded you have a Muſical ear; I every where diſlike your Cadence, particularly in theſe following lines,*

Where e'er thou mov'ſt, lawleſs Neceſſity,
An envious bold reſiſtleſs Deity,
In tatter'd weeds, *&c.*

Beſides, here is an accumulation of languid Epithites, and two very harſh Rithmes. The verſes of the ſecond Stanza, I find to the utter diſtortion of ſence, are linked and joined together, by virtue of a conjunction copulative ridiculouſly repeated: If you had conſulted Hor. *this had never been, for then you would have found a full period at* plumbum. *another at* linquis. *and a third at* doloſi. *According to which, in Mr.* T's *tranſlation, the ſence is compleated at* land. *at* retire. *and at* I'm poor. *not* I am poor. *he made not* utcunque *to ſignifie* and, *but* However. *and choſe rather to ſay* tot-

t'ring

t'ring *then* falling. *As for the Epethite* encroaching, *I could not eaſily endure it from my ſervant, and ſhall I hear it from a Critick? The truth is, you have communicated ſo much of your Spt. to the laſt Stanza, and diffuſed ſo vaſt a quantity of your Ink throughout the whole body of it, that Mr.* T. *may very juſtly ſay with* Martial *upon a like occaſion,* Incipit eſſe tuus. *Can any thing be more natural, than that* ſhame *ſhould* hide the face? *What could you ſee in this verſe,*

When I remember (eternal diſgrace!)

that ſhould hurry you on to aboliſh it? let me tell you, what I perceive you are ignorant of, 'tis the very beſt verſe in the Ode. I cannot ſuffer the Epethite flagitious, *'tis pedantical, beſides it makes the verſe exceed nature, whoſe property is to ſay the leaſt in ſuch a caſe. The verb* fall *is much more elegant in this place, than the verb* bleed; *if the examples of* Pindar, Hor. *and* Virgil *eſpecially may be followed. The emphaſis of the laſt verſe is utterly ſpoiled, in taking away* own, *and placing* we *in its ſtead, as any ordinary capacity may perceive.* ——

You have all the Criticiſms in the Letter. I want room and leiſure, and dare not dwell long on a needleſs Reply.

Firſt I ſay King *William* may be called, *The Glory of our State*: tho' that Verſe may alſo be applied to our Warriors; whereas in Mr. *T*'s Ode none can tell whether the King or the Warriors are meant by, *The Youth deſign'd in time to come*, which *time to come*, by the way, is full as elegant as *unto Rome*. *Tyrants* are generally *Uſurpers* either of States or Subjects Rights. If Mr. *N.* had a *Muſical Ear*, there would be ſome hopes to convince him of the Juſtneſs of other men's; neither are *Neceſſity* and *Deity*, *harſh Rhymes* nor the *Epithetes languid*, contributing all to the Deſcription of *Neceſſity*. His *Conjunction copulative* makes me laugh; no Book, though exactly printed, is free from ſo ſmall a fault, as is the ſetting a Colon for a Full-point *I'm poor* ſhews the delicacy of Mr. *N*'s *Ear*. I made not *utcunque* to ſignifie *and*. *Tott'ring* was uſed before more properly. *Encroaching* is uſed by good Authours, and is the Character of *France*; being alſo more forcible to perſuade *Fortune* to preſerve King *William*. *Shame* never *hides the Face*, though it makes us hide it. It muſt be an *Eternal diſgrace* to Mr. *N*'s Ear and Judgment, to ſay that, *When I remember (Eternal diſgrace!)* is *the very beſt Verſe in the Ode*. *Flagitious* is uſed by good Authours, and Curſed goes as far at leaſt. *Our own ſelves* is downright Burleſque; beſides, *our own* comes after in the ſame Verſe.

I have done. Pardon my being tedious as well as my other faults. I am not paſt the Age of Learning; and your kind acceptance of the firſt productions of my Muſe, entitles you to better from,

SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant,

Peter Motteux.

A Song ſet by Mr. *Henry Purcell*, the Words by a Perſon of Honour.

Co—rin-na is di--vine-ly, di—vine—ly fair, Ea——
——ſy, ea—ſy her ſhape and ſoft, ſoft—— her Air;
Of hearts ſhe had the abſolute ſway, before ſhe thre—

w her own a--way: The Pow'r now lan-gui-
ſhes, now, now, now, now, now languiſhes, by which ſhe
charm'd; Her Beauty ful—ly'd, her Beauty ful—ly'd,

2 Stanza.

and her Eyes, her Eyes diſarm'd. Like Na—

—ture, ſhe is apt to waſt her Trea—

—ſure, where 'tis va—lu'd leaſt: So Pea—

——ſants ſur--ſeit, where it grows, on Fruit the
Ea——ſtern Sun be-ſtows; but all, all, all,
all, all, all, all, all, all the De--li--ca--cy

fa — des, be—fore it

can (thro' O——ceans) reach our dif——tant, dif——

——tant, dif——tant Shore.

A Song ſet by Dr. *John Blow*, the Words by Mr. *Tate*.

THUS let de—parting Winter, let de—parting Winter ſing;

Approach, advance, approach, advance, ad—vance thou promis'd Spring:

Thus let de—parting Winter, let de—parting Winter ſing: And,

if for Action not deſign'd, to – ge - ther ſoon, to--ge-ther bring, And,

if for Action not deſign'd, to —gether ſoon, to--gether bring Con

–fed'rate Troops in Europe's cauſe, in Eu—rope's cauſe combin'd.

WHEN craf--ty Fowlers would ſur--prize th'harmonious Lark that ſoars on
high, it is by glancing in his Eyes the Sunſhine Raies, which draws him nigh,
it is by glancing in his Eyes the Sunſhine Raies which draws him nigh.

Set by Mr. *Frank*, the Words by *Philogynes*.

Charm'd with Reflections from the Glaſs,
He flies with eager haſty ſpeed
(Ceaſing the Muſick of his Lays)
Into the Nets the Fowler ſpread.

So when *Clemelia* would obtain
The Prey her Fancy moſt deſires,
She ſpreads her Dreſs like Nets, in Vain,
And all her youthfull gay Attires;

Till, watching opportunity,
She throws an amorous charming Glance;
Then to her Nets the Youth does flie,
And lies entangled in a Trance.

FINIS.